

Letters to
Michael Jackson
aka
King of Pop

Karen Z. Taylor

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ISBN: 1-4033-8502-5 (e-book)
ISBN: 1-4033-8503-3 (Paperback)

Library of Congress Control Number: 2002095715

This book is printed on acid free paper.

Printed in the United States of America
Bloomington, IN

I have been bothered for many years about this situation in my life and I tried to get somewhere with letters to President Clinton in 1998 and many letters to singer Michael Jackson aka King of Pop with his involvement and have had no response from either party.

I'll have to start when I was thirteen years old. A girlfriend of mine had met some guys from another town and we dated them. They were much older than we were because they had a license and a car. The boyfriend I was dating was much older than I was, five years older. He was eighteen. My parents had no idea of how old he was otherwise something would have been said. I guess you could say my parents were easy going. When we dated we mostly just went to school dances, the drive inn or just drove around. Sex was never an issue, all we did was kiss. The eighteen-year-old I dated were from the eastern states. I had met his parents, two sisters and one brother, all-younger than him. I dated him for almost a year. His name was Jim. He was about as tall as I am which is short for a man. That is five feet four inches tall. I don't want to get into details about what we did during our relationship. I'd much rather just get to the point.

The summer was ending and I had just decided that because I had so many years of school to go through that it would be best if I broke up with Jim. I still cared for him. I was so young at the time and because no sex was involved the relationship together I felt was just time spent together. I had called Jim on the phone and told him how I felt and that I wanted to break up. He was quite upset and cried over the phone. He then asked me if he could see me one more time. I said sure. I was in for a big surprise.

Jim came over with his hair on his head completely shaven off! Nobody did this in the late sixties except if you were in the service. He was also wearing a wedding band. I asked if he joined the Marines. He just laughed and said no. Then I asked him about the wedding band. He said he married the girl next door. I asked him what he was going to do and his reply was, "I'm going to California." He didn't stay long. He got in to his car and left. He stopped over to visit once more briefly and said he was going bowling, that was the last time I seen him. I watched him drive away.

About a year later I received a phone call from Jim from California. I wasn't home at the time but he left a phone number. I called him back and he didn't answer the phone. I asked for Jim and

he came on. I asked how he was doing and if he was still married. Again he laughed and said yes. It was a short conversation.

About thirteen years ago I had started typing what had happened to me. I threw out everything and let things go. I didn't think I was going to get anywhere. Besides that I was afraid about the Charles Manson case, as it turned out things got worse for me.

The town I live in is mostly white people. We have a few black families who live here. One of these families had a son that was attracted to me. He was a big flirt with all the girls. Mostly he bothered me. I fell in love with him. He was in the eleventh grade at the time. I was in eighth. Mostly we just talked on the phone. He had his license and sometimes I would sneak out to see him. It was towards the end of the ninth grade when our relationship ended. I was babysitting one time for the neighbor's kids and called him to come over. Another neighbor came over and told my parents. This is where our relationship ended. My parents went to talk to his parents about us. I don't know what was said. All I remember is that he was invited over to our house for Thanksgiving dinner and then our relationship was to end.

I was nervous at him coming over as I was still in love with him. The dinner went great. He sat at one end of the table, the only black person around six kids and my parents. He ate plenty, didn't stay long and that was the end of it. Whatever my parents said to his parents seemed to have ended our relationship. At this time I was so young I didn't realize that he was using me. It was many years later that I put the pieces together and came to understand why me.

The next thing that happened in my life was my parents asked me if I wanted to go to hairdressing school. There was a technical school in the area. They had a bus that took me there. I went there for the entire tenth grade and most of the eleventh grade. During the eleventh grade I was upset at school and didn't know why. I wanted to go back to school in the town I lived in. I was so upset I cried and I didn't know what I was crying about. I left hairdressing school and went back to the eleventh grade at the town I lived in.

At this time my black friend had of course graduated so he wasn't around. It felt strange coming back. Everyone was in his or her own little groups and it was difficult for me to fit in. I was friendly towards

everyone but I wasn't a close friend with anyone so that made things difficult.

During the summers I spent some time staying over a relatives house. This was during my early teens. I made friends there. One summer a friend had given me LSD to try. It was quite the experience. Her mother knew that she had given me some and made a remark about it, as I was a year or two younger than she was. Her mom said what would her parents think about you giving her LSD. I don't recommend it to anyone but I can say it was quite the experience.

Marijuana was also introduced to me around this time. I enjoyed it very much. I don't smoke it now. Some of my best times I had I was high on marijuana. I experienced it young at the early age of fourteen!

Then back to my last year of high school. It was a real drag to me. I hated going to school and I almost didn't make it. I guess the only thing that kept me through the last year was I applied for a wood working shop and was accepted. I was the only girl in the class and I still have the magazine holder I made. This was the 1973-74 year. The following years girls started this class. I had special attention being the only girl. It kept me in school. Other then this class I was totally bored. I used to leave school early and cut my last period class and was never caught. I graduated! That was a wonderful experience for me.

After I graduated my mother knew a friend for a place of employment. I went and applied and got the job. It was bench work using a blowtorch making parts I guess for airplanes so I was told. I worked there for about a little over a year. I was still bothered about things that happened in my life. Mostly it was when I was in the eleventh grade when I read the "Helter Skelter" book. The first time I read it nothing clicked. The second time I read it I sort of went into shock.

I realized the person who was called Charles Manson was actually Jim. In the book was a drawing on a door that was the exact scribbling I had on one of my school notebooks. I knew for sure Charles Manson was Jim. I didn't know what to do about the situation. I talked to both of my parents about the book and was told to just leave it be because I didn't need any crazy people in my life. It still bothered me. It still bothers me today. Will the public ever know the truth that his real name is Jim? I naturally am not giving any last name. The people that

messed up my life can do something now. I want relief from this. I was investigated the wrong way.

Except for one sister all my other brothers and sister are younger than I am. I kept this to myself. Strange things had happened in my life and I didn't know why. It is clear to me today what happened.

Back at work after graduation I was pretty much starting to go crazy mostly talking to myself and my co-worker who sat next to me. One day I just had enough. I wanted out. I was so upset about the book and so upset at unusual things that happened in my life that I just took my time card and punched out and left work. I went straight to the drug store where I bought a bottle of sleeping pills. I drove myself to an area where I knew there was water. It was a twenty-minute drive. I opened the bottle and took a handful of the pills and swallowed them. I repeated this until I could take no more. They tasted awful. I then walked back to my car where I left a suicide note. I can't remember exactly what it said except that I wanted everybody to know.

The next thing that happened to me was unreal. I started feeling the pills working. It was rather fast. I felt strange and weak. I couldn't believe what I heard next. In my car I heard throw it up. It was a voice I heard within my car. I spit up a bit and then realized I had made a mistake. My whole body was pretty numb. It seems like it took me forever to drive myself home. My family was eating dinner when I walked in on them and said I just tried to kill myself. Dinner ended for them. My father made me coffee. The next day my friend came over and told me a secret of hers. She was the one who I was with when I met Jim. She said at college she tried to take her life by trying to jump off a ledge, or out a window. Perhaps her life was disrupted like mine.

In the Helter Skelter book it said that phone numbers made by the Manson family members were being traced. So obviously when he called me, my number was traced. The connection to me had been made. To this day I do not understand why the investigators or FBI didn't come straight out and ask me questions. They would have spared me of many emotional upsets in my life not to mention the fact of trying to take my own life. I was used because of this unnecessary investigation. Used in school by a young black male. That changed my life.

I guess because Charles Manson in the book it says that they were planning on putting the blame on black people was the reason for their investigation. I am not a racist. Funny thing again, Jim as far as I knew was not racist. So this part of the book to me is unclear. It made me wonder why Michael Jackson AKA King of Pop became involved with me. He can deny it all he wants. I know the truth. I know what he has done and he has to live with what he has done to me. The effect it had on me was awful... I tried writing to Michael for years and enclosed in this book are my letters written to him asking him to contact me and help me get over this nightmare.

I have also written to President Clinton. I asked for monetary damage because of the investigation. I haven't heard anything from him.

Taking it from the time I took the sleeping pills I had gone back to work for a short time where I did a lot of talking to my co-worker. I was fed up with working and said I wish I were fired. Naturally the next thing that happens was I was fired. I was a very good worker so I'm sure my co-worker had said something to the boss. I next had a hearing with the state to be able to collect compensation and I won. I started receiving unemployment compensation and for me it was great. I was tired of working. I enjoyed my free time and I didn't need much money to live on because my parents didn't ask me to pay rent living with them. So I had enjoyed the time off from work.

At this time the drinking age was eighteen. I was nineteen and I enjoyed drinking beer and smoking marijuana. Every weekend I went to the bar with a girlfriend. We had fun together. I'm leaving out many episodes of my life because I need some privacy.

I moved out of this state for a short time. It was for about one and a half years. I moved to another state with a cousin that lived there. Then I found a man in my life and I moved in with him. I lived with him for about a year and then decided to leave him because of a sexless life and because he didn't ask me to marry him, this was my first breakdown.

I had come home one day to where we were living at and found a joint, which was unusual. I wasn't smoking much then. I decided to smoke it and when I did I felt very sick. I don't know what happened but it was obvious that someone wanted to make me ill. I made it to the couch and couldn't get up. The next thing my cousin shows up,

She had come over to visit me. I thought that was odd. My mother had given me a garnet birthstone ring for a graduation present and that was missing from my kitchen sink the following day. I noticed. No doubt she took it. Then my boyfriend came home. I asked them both to help me up to use the bathroom. I was feeling very sick. At this time I was ready to leave this state so I don't understand whom or why placed that bad joint where I would find it like I did. I later learned that my cousin's girlfriend had married my boyfriend shortly after I left. I heard they had a child and that the marriage didn't last.

I didn't have a car to get back to this state. I was planning on taking the bus. I was pretty much leaving everything of mine behind and only had one small suitcase packed. My boyfriend drove me to the bus stop. Just before the bus came I became very ill. I could hardly stand. I don't know what happened to me. I asked my male friend to take me to the hospital, which he did and just left me there. The hospital took me somewhere I can't remember and just left me there. I guess it was some kind of "nut house" type of place. I got to call home and my father knew the place where I was and said he'd be there to pick me up. In the meantime I'm feeling better. A young female comes up to me with some pills and said take these. I said no that someone was coming to get me. She insisted and said they'll make you feel better. Like a jerk I took them. My father came and when he did the pills had taken effect. I remember walking down the stairs and then that was that. I just fell down and slept for hours at the bottom of the stairs. When I woke up we drove back to this state.

Back home I was missing my boyfriend. I was lonely. I was also feeling unstable. I asked my parents for help. My aunt and uncle were over and they said they would help.

They took me to north Hampton, Massachusetts State hospital. That was an ugly place. I stayed there about one week. They gave me medication there and then I came back home. I guess it was my mother and my aunt that said I needed to go to another place. A place where my aunts step daughter was working. It was a very nice place. It was quiet and a rehabilitation place. I had my own room and it was clean and everything looked new. I stayed there for two weeks. I can remember doing some artwork there with my step cousin. I then came home, looked for work and got lucky with unemployment finding a job at the Town Hall as an assistant clerk to the tax collector. It was a